

FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

**WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY**
No 128
1/-

LICENCE to KILL



4 ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH

★ No. 41 THE DEVIL TO PAY

They were renegades—roaming the hills of Italy like a pack of hungry wolves

★ No. 42 LUST FOR POWER

When treachery commands a high enough price, no man is safe from betrayal

★ No. 43 ALL OR NOTHING

They hid their fears beneath the snarl of battle

★ No. 44 JUNGLE GREEN

There is a time to run—and a time to fight

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY

On Sale

Monday, 15th Jan.

MAKE SURE
Order your copies
NOW!



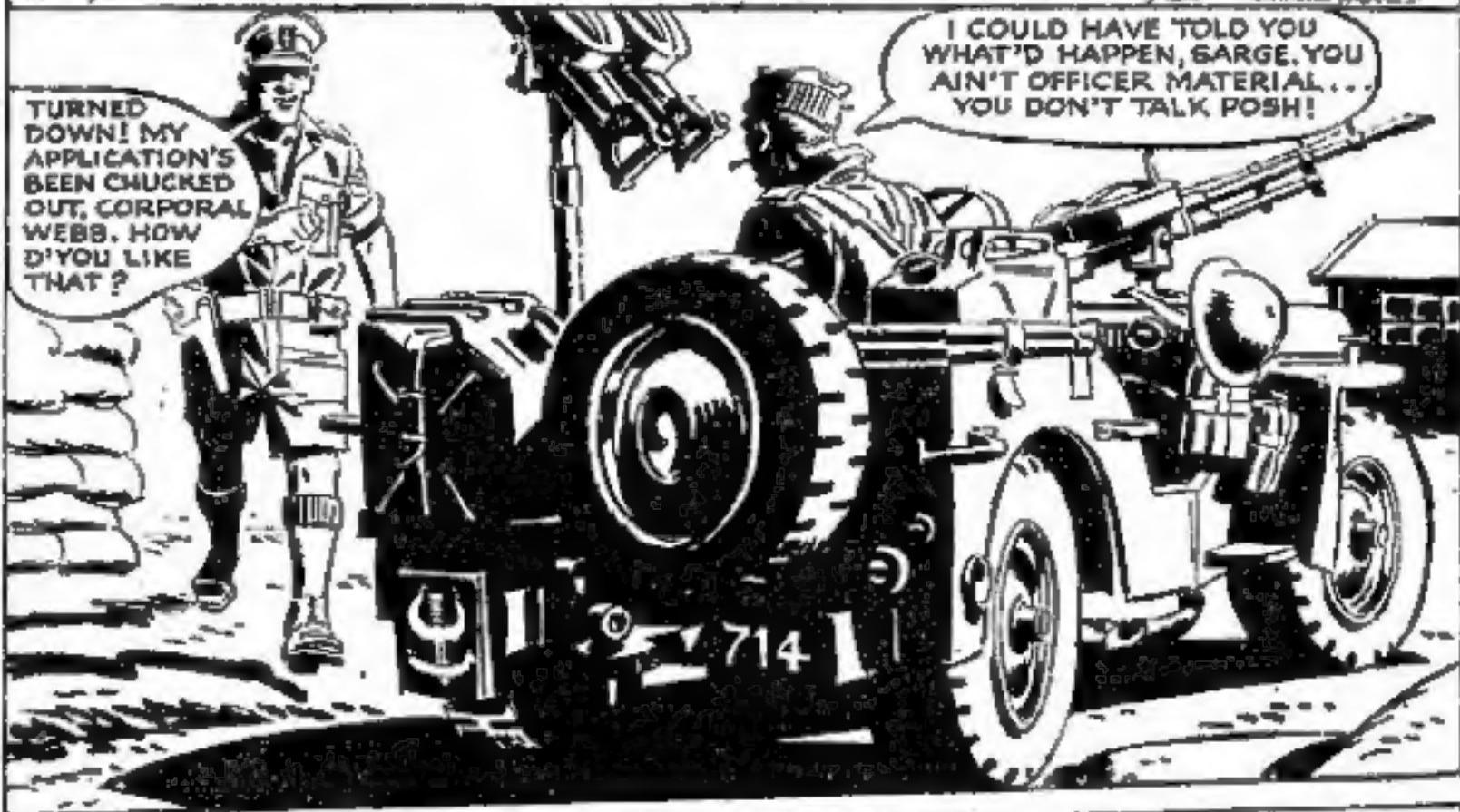
Licence to Kill



TOBRUK HAD FALLEN - AND ROMMEL'S CRACK AFRIKA KORPS POUNDED THE ALAMEIN LINE, GATEWAY TO CAIRO. BUT THE SPECIAL AIR SERVICE, A BRITISH MOBILE STRIKING FORCE RAIDED THE ENEMY REAR, DESTROYING AIRCRAFT AND TRANSPORT. ALL THE TIME, FRESH TROOPS POURED INTO THE SEAPORT OF ALEXANDRIA FOR THE EIGHTY-ARMY'S FINAL PUSH...

Chapter 1. RAW DEAL

SERGEANT LOGAN OF THE S.A.S. WAS IN A FURY AS HE STORMED OUT OF THE H.Q. DUG-OUT. THE SENIOR N.C.O., WITH TWO GRIM YEARS EXPERIENCE OF DESERT WARFARE BEHIND HIM, HE HAD FELT CONFIDENT WHEN HE APPLIED FOR A COMMISSION. NOW...



THE SERGEANT'S VOICE WAS A RAW, RASPING SOUND, CHOKED WITH ANGER AS HE STOOD IN THE HOT, DUSTY ALEXANDRIA ROAD. HE WAS A MAN WITH A DRIVING URGE TO LEAD IN BATTLE — AN URGE FRUSTRATED.

IT MAKES ME SICK! TALK ABOUT A RAW DEAL! SWEAT OUT TWO YEARS IN THIS PERISHING DESERT — AND FOR WHAT? THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!



Licence to Kill

3

AS LOGAN VENTED HIS RAGE, A STUKA DIVE-BOMBER WHEELED AWAY FROM ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR. IT CAME SCREAMING DOWN OUT OF THE SUN...



BOTH MEN FLUNG THEMSELVES FLAT ON THE SUN-BAKED GROUND AS A STICK OF BOMBS STRADDLED THE DUG-OUTS. A SHATTERING BLAST SHOWERED THEM WITH SAND AND SHRAPNEL.



SPITTING DUST, SERGEANT LOGAN ERUPTED INTO ACTION, IN THAT MOMENT, ALL HIS IMPOTENT FURY WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ENEMY PILOT.



WHEN THE STUKA SHEERED OFF, HIS RAGE HAD SPENT ITSELF — BUT A HARD CORE OF BITTERNESS REMAINED.

YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE STUCK WITH? A GREEN LIEUTENANT... NO EXPERIENCE, AND I'VE GOT TO SHOW HIM THE ROPES.



CORPORAL WEBB, WHOSE LOATHING OF ARMY DISCIPLINE WAS EQUALLED BY HIS CAPACITY FOR WANGLING OUT OF IT, WONDERED ABOUT THEIR NEW OFFICER. HIS WORST FEARS WERE SOON REALISED. THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE HAD A PARADE-GROUND SNAP IN IT.

MY NAME'S CHALMERS, SERGEANT. I'M LEADING YOUR GROUP. I WANT THE MEN ON PARADE AT EIGHTEEN HUNDRED HOURS. SEE TO IT, WILL YOU? AND, SERGEANT, I DON'T LIKE SLACKNESS OR DISCIPLINE... OR DRESS. THAT APPLIES TO YOU, TOO, CORPORAL!

YES, SIR!

THE CORPORAL CURBED QUIETLY BEHIND LIEUTENANT CHALMERS' BACK AS HE TURNED AWAY.

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW? A PERISHING PARADE - HE MUST THINK WARS ARE WON WITH BLANCO.

HE'LL LEARN DIFFERENT... IN THE DESERT!



SERGEANT LOGAN WAS SUNK IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS AS THE CORPORAL DROVE THEM BACK TO THEIR LINES...

INSOLENT YOUNG PUPPY!

LET'S HIT THE HIGH-SPOTS TONIGHT, BARGE. IT MAY BE OUR LAST CHANCE. WHAT D'YOU SAY?



CORPORAL WEBB WAS DISAPPOINTED. HE DID NOT GET TO TASTE THE FLESH - POTS OF ALEXANDRIA THAT NIGHT. ON PARADE...

MEN, WE'RE LEAVING FOR PATROL AT Q-FIVE-HUNDRED HOURS TOMORROW. OUR ORDERS ARE TO RAID ROMMEL'S SUPPLY LINES. SERGEANT, DRAW THE RATIONS AND CHECK ALL WEAPONS.

SIR!



IN A FAINT DAWN LIGHT, THE S.A.S. PATROL MADE READY TO INFILTRATE THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES. THEIR RAIDING JEEPS, ARMED WITH FOUR VICKERS MACHINE-GUNS, WERE SUPPORTED BY A THREE-TON SUPPLY TRUCK.

I DON'T FANCY THIS OFFICER, CORR. HE'S TOO KEEN BY FAR - LIKELY TO RUN US INTO A PACK OF TROUBLE!

THE SARGE CAN HANDLE HIM, PRIVATE HICKS.

SNAP INTO IT, MEN!



LIEUTENANT CHALMERS RAPPED OUT THE ORDER TO START. ENGINES REVVED UP. THE VEHICLES LURCHED ACROSS THE SAND HEADING FOR THE OATTARA DEPRESSION.



THE LIEUTENANT WAS FEELING UNCERTAIN OF HIMSELF. HE HAD BEEN WARNED THAT LOGAN MIGHT PROVE AWKWARD AND HE BADLY NEEDED THE EXPERIENCED SERGEANT'S ADVICE.

THIS IS MY FIRST DESERT PATROL, SERGEANT. I'M RELYING ON YOU TO HELP ME MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT.



BUT HE DID NOT GET THE REACTION HE HOPED FOR. IT SEEMED THAT SERGEANT LOGAN HAD A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER.

YOUR CO-OPERATION WOULD BE APPRECIATED, SERGEANT.



8 Licence to Kill

THE PATROL SKIRTED THE THOUSAND-FOOT DROP OF THE QATTARA DEPRESSION, WITHOUT SIGHTING THE ENEMY. THEY SWUNG NORTH BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES AND LEAGUERED IN THE SHADOW OF A HIGH ESCARPMENT.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THEY SET OUT TO STRIKE AT THE ENEMY'S REAR, LEAVING THE THREE-TONNER BEHIND. CHALMERS, TIGHT-LIPPED, LED THE FIRST JEEP WHILE SERGEANT LOGAN, IN THE REAR, SMILED SOURLY AS THEY JOLTED OVER THE SAND...



Licence to Kill

IN THE DARKNESS, THE GERMAN DRIVERS DID NOT SEE THE FOUR JEEPS THAT CAME OUT OF THE DESERT AND LURCHED ON TO THE ROAD. UNTIL —

GET THE PETROL BOWSERS! FIRE, MAN, FIRE!



THE SAS RAIDERS RADED ALONG THE COAST ROAD, MACHINE-GUNS TAMMERING VIOLENTLY. SERGEANT LOGAN CENTRED HIS VICKERS ON A PETROL BOWSER AND TRIGGERED OFF A LONG BURST.

THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK CONFUSED THE GERMAN DRIVERS. THEY CRASHED INTO EACH OTHER IN THE CHAOS. BURNING TRUCKS AND DEAD BODIES LITTERED THE ROAD BEHIND THE SPEEDING JEEPS.



BUT SERGEANT LOGAN WAS TOO WILY TO BE SNARED IN THAT TRAP. HE MADE SURE THERE WOULD BE NO ALARM TELEPHONED AHEAD...

WE'VE STILL GOT THE EDGE ON THEM!



THROUGH THE GLOOM, THE GERMAN SENTRIES COULD NOT MAKE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION, BUT THEY HAD HEARD GUNFIRE AND THEIR COMMUNICATIONS WERE CUT. THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS.

HALT! WHERE ARE YOUR LIGHTERS, HEIN? THE PASSWORD QUICKLY!

HIMMEL! YOU EXPECT TOO MUCH. A PASSWORD, AFTER THREE WEEKS AT THE FRONT!



LOGAN DARTED THROUGH THE SHADOWS TOWARDS THE GUARDHOUSE, TEETH BARED IN A SNARL. THE SERGEANT YANKED A GRENADE OUT OF HIS COMBAT PACK.

I'M COMING TO GET YOU, JERRY... NOW!



HE WHIPPED OPEN THE GUARDROOM DOOR AND LOFTED THE MILLS GRENADE INSIDE.

HERE, CATCH, HEINE!



AS THE GUARDHOUSE ERUPTED IN SMOKE AND FLAME, LIEUTENANT CHALMERS FELLED THE TWO SENTRIES WITH A BURST FROM HIS TOMMY-GUN.

GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!

ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT, MEN - BACK TO THE ESCARPMENT!



Licence to Kill

THE RISING SUN CAST AN EERIE, BLOOD-RED LIGHT OVER THE DESERT AS THEY REACHED CAMP. FLUSHED WITH EXCITEMENT, LIEUTENANT CHALMERS WAS OVER-RAGER AT THE SUCCESS OF HIS FIRST S.A.S RAID.

HE'S GOING TO MAKE A MUCK OF IT!

A GOOD SHOW, MEN! TOMORROW, WE'LL STRIKE AT ANOTHER SECTION OF THE ROAD. KEEP JERRY ON THE HOP!



SERGEANT LOGAN SPAT IN DISGUST AT CHALMERS' WORDS. HE SAID NOTHING THEN, BUT WHEN CORPORAL WEBB JOINED HIM...

CHALMERS DID ALL NIGHT TONIGHT, SARGE



SURE HE DID!
NOW HE'S COCKY ABOUT IT.
JERRY'S ALL STIRRED UP LIKE A HORNET'S NEST. BUT WILL CHALMERS WAIT TWO, THREE DAYS? NOT ON YOUR NELL IF I WALK RIGHT INTO IT
YOU'LL SEE!

THE PATROL SLEPT THROUGH THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, HIDDEN FROM GERMAN SEARCH PLANES. JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN, THEY STRIPPED AND OILED THEIR WEAPONS. THE LIEUTENANT FROWNED AS HE STUDIED HIS MAP.

IF WE SWING WEST, THROUGH THIS GULF HERE, WE SHOULD STRIKE THE COAST ROAD BETWEEN SIDI BARRANI AND MEDLA MATRUH. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SERGEANT?

HE'S GOT NO IDEA. LET HIM FIND OUT THE HARD WAY



AT MOONRISE CHALMERS TOOK HIS FOUR ARMED JEEPS OVER THE RAZOR-BACKS. DESPITE A LACK OF CO-OPERATION BY SERGEANT LOGAN, HE FELT CONFIDENT... OVER CONFIDENT.

"I'LL GIVE EVEN MONEY JERRY'S LAYING FOR US THIS TRIP, TAYLOR."

"I DUNNO, SARGE. THE LIEUTENANT SEEMS PRETTY SURG OF HIMSELF."

WHILE THE SERGEANT BROODED ON AN IMAGINED INJUSTICE, LIEUTENANT CHALMERS EAGERLY FOUGHT OFF THE ENEMY.

"THERE THEY ARE, MEN! LET'S GO!"



BUT THE ATTACK DID NOT GO AS CHALMERS PLANNED. ROMMEL WAS TIRED OF THE G.A.R. RAIDS BEHIND HIS LINES, AND AN ARMoured DETACHMENT OF THE AFRIKA KORPS WAITED IN AMBUSH.

"ACHTUNG! THE GAS ATTACK!"



LIEUTENANT CHALMERS' BLOOD FROZE IN HIS VEINS. PANIC GRIPPED HIM IN ITS STEELY VICE. IF ONLY HE HAD THE EXPERIENCED SERGEANT LOGAN BESIDE HIM NOW... THEN FEAR TURNED TO FURY. HE CURSED, AND BARKED AN ORDER.

LUMME, SIR — JERRY ARMOUR! WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

RETREAT... RETREAT!



THE LIEUTENANT HAD ONLY ONE IDEA — TO SHAKE OFF THE GERMAN ARMOUR HE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE TERRITORY INTO WHICH HE WAS RACING AT TOP SPEED.

WHICH WAY NOW, SIR?

JUST KEEP GOING.



LICENCE TO KILL

BUT THE DESERT WSAFE AFRICA KORPS COMMANDER KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING. HE MANOEUVRED HIS ARMOUR TO DRIVE THE JEEPS INTO AN AREA OF SOFT, TREACHEROUS SAND AND SERGEANT LOGAN GUessed HIS INTENTION

JUST KEEP GOING, HE SAYS!
THE FOOL! HE'LL GET US ALL BOGGED DOWN.



LOGAN'S SUSPICION WAS QUICKLY CONFIRMED. CHA MERS JEEP SANK TO ITS AXLES IN LOOSE, SHIFTING SAND. THE WHEELS SPUN FURIOUSLY, USELESSLY.

MURK, MURK!



THE DRIVER OF
THE SECOND S.A.S.
JEEP SWUNG ON
THE WHEEL.
SERGEANT OGAN
SHOUTED A
WARNING TOO
LATE HE SWORE
BITTERLY UNDERR
HIS BREATH

PULL UP TAYLOR,
WE'VE GOT TO
COVER THEM!

PULL
UP



THE SERGEANT TORE UP THE SLOPING SIDE OF THE DUNE, ANGER
RIDING IN HIM HE SPAT HIS WORDS VENOMOUSLY

THIS IS ALL
'HALMERS'
FAULT!



BUT THE GERMAN ARMOUR WAS TOUGH. IT ROLLED RELENTLESSLY ON, GUNS STAMMERING - AND THE TRAPPED JEEP CREW WAS CUT DOWN BY A SAVAGE BURST FROM THE SPANDAU.

AAAGH!

THEY'VE HAD IT... GET MOBILE, TAYLOR. THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP FOR NOW!

LOGAN GRABBED THE WHEEL AND DROVE MADLY THROUGH A MAZE OF GULLIES. THREE MEN DEAD... POKER-FACED, HIS VOICE WAS FLAT AS HE ANSWERED THE LIEUTENANT'S QUESTION

WHAT DO YOU ADVISE, SERGEANT?

YOU'RE THE OFFICER. YOU FIGURE IT OUT!



THE SERGEANT HAD ANOTHER WORRY ON HIS MIND. IT WAS GROWING LIGHT AND SOON THE GERMAN AIR PATROLS WOULD BE OVER. IF THE PANZER COMMANDER RADIODED THEIR POSITION . . .

THIS COULD BE STICKY... HE COULDN'T WAIT TO BE A HERO!

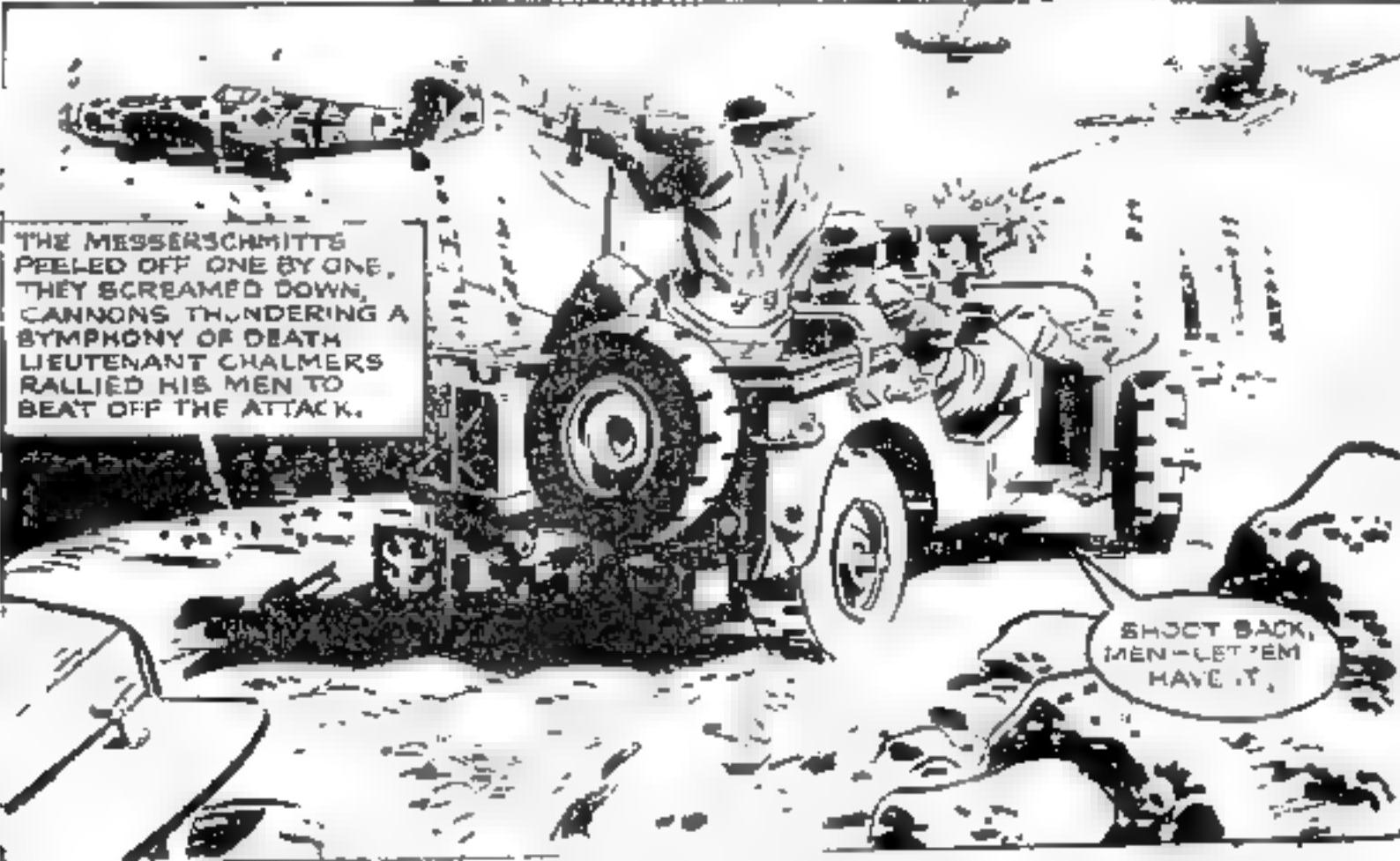


T WAS CORPORAL WEBB WHO FIRST SPOTTED THE ENEMY PLANES. HE YELLED AN ALARM AS HE SWUNG HIS VICKERS SKYWARDS.



THE MESSERSCHMITTS PEELED OFF ONE BY ONE. THEY SCREAMED DOWN, CANNONS THUNDERING A SYMPHONY OF DEATH. LIEUTENANT CHALMERS RALLIED HIS MEN TO BEAT OFF THE ATTACK.

SHOOT BACK, MEN—LET 'EM HAVE IT.

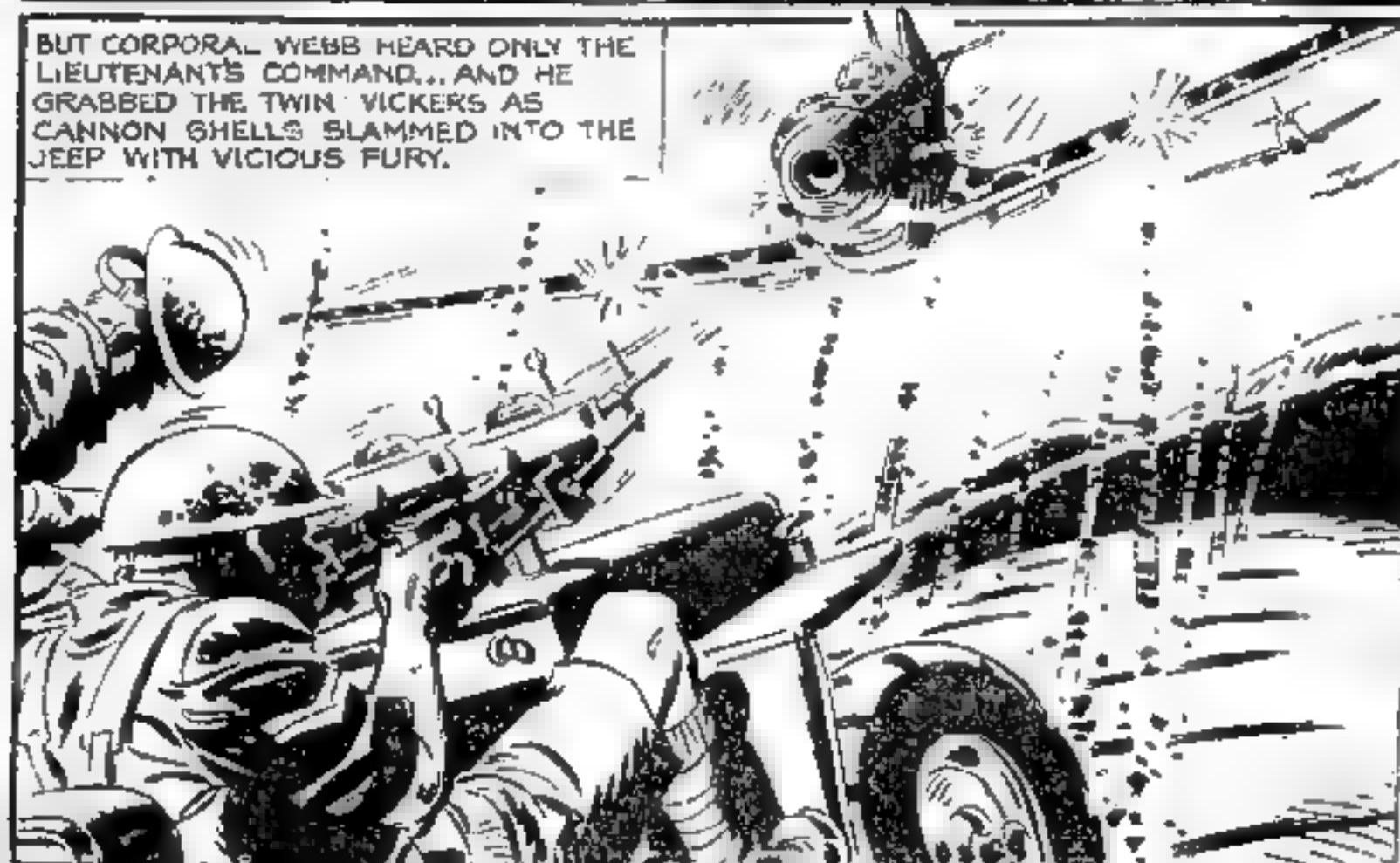


SERGEANT LOGAN, EXPERIENCED IN DESERT WARFARE, KNEW IT WAS A DANGEROUS WASTE OF TIME TO ENGAGE AIRCRAFT FROM A HALTED VEHICLE. IGNORING CHALMERS, HE BAWLED A COMMAND THAT VIRTUALLY CONTRADICTED HIS OFFICER.

OUT OF THE JEEPS,
AND SCATTER!
GRAB COVER!

YOU AIN'T KIDDING,
SARGE... THE LIEUTENANT
WANTS HIS HEAD
EXAMINED!

BUT CORPORAL WEBB HEARD ONLY THE LIEUTENANT'S COMMAND... AND HE GRABBED THE TWIN VICKERS AS CANNON SHELLS SLAMMED INTO THE JEEP WITH VIOLENT FURY.



LOGAN WATCHED THE STRAFING, SOUR-MOUTHED WITH HORROR. HE HAD FOUGHT WITH CORPORAL WEBB RIGHT THROUGH THE DESERT CAMPAIGN. NOW...



REGARDLESS OF THE STILL PRESENT DANGER, HE STUMBLED OVER THE SAND TOWARDS CORPORAL WEBB'S MOTIONLESS BODY. THERE WAS A SHOCKED RAWNESS IN HIS VOICE AS HE CRIED OUT,



TEARS OF RAGE BLINDED THE SERGEANT
HE RAISED HIS TOMMY GUN AND
EMPTIED IT SCREAMING AS
ANOTHER MESSERSCHMITT HURTLED
DOWN.

SWINE!
MURDERER!

SERGEANT,
FOR PETE'S SAKE
GET UNDER
COVER! GET
DOWN, MAN!

ARE YOU
BADLY HIT,
SERGEANT?

LOGAN NEVER FELT THE TRACER CUP HIS
EAR. HE WAS HARDLY AWARE OF THE
BLOOD DRIPPING FROM HIS CHIN. THEN
A FLIGHT OF HURRICANES CAME WHEELING
OUT OF THE SUN TO SCATTER THE M.E.'S.



WEBB DEAD... ALL THE FRUSTRATION AND BITTERNESS THAT HAD BEEN FESTERING INSIDE SERGEANT LOGAN BOILED OUT IN A TORRENT OF WORDS. HE GLARED AT THE LIEUTENANT, HATING HIM AS HE HAD NEVER HATED BEFORE.



LIEUTENANT CHALMERS CUT SHORT HIS SERGEANT'S BITTER TIRADE... BUT HE COULD NOT CHECK THE BURNING HATRED INSIDE THE MAN.



Chapter 2. HARVEST of HATE

AFTER ROMMEL'S COLLAPSE IN NORTH AFRICA, THE ALLIES STORMED THE ITALIAN MAINLAND. THE EIGHTH ARMY CLAWED ITS WAY UP THE ADRIATIC COAST AGAINST STUBBORN GERMAN RESISTANCE AND FRUSTRATING DEMOLITIONS.



AS THE GERMANS RETREATED, A SMALL S.A.S. FORCE WAS DROPPED BEHIND THEIR LINES TO SEIZE AND HOLD THE BRIDGE AT CASTELLIANO.



IN COMMAND WAS CAPTAIN CHALMERS, NEWLY PROMOTED, TO LOGAN'S DISGUST. THE SERGEANT DROPPED HIS EYES TO HIDE THE BLACK HATE HE FELT AS CORPORAL SANDFORD CHATTED WITH THE OFFICER.

THIS IS GOING TO BE A ROUGH ONE, CORPORAL.

YOU'LL DO ALL RIGHT, SIR.

MAYBE HE WILL... AND MAYBE HE WON'T BE COMING BACK THIS TRIP!

THE NEW CORPORAL WAS TOO EAGER TO SUIT SERGEANT LOGAN. EVERY WORD MADE HIM WINCE.

I'M GLAD TO BE WITH YOU, SIR - ALL THE MEN ARE. WE RECKON YOU'LL SEE US ALL RIGHT.

THE TOWING PLANES CAST OFF. THE GLIDERS SWOOPED SILENTLY DOWN, LANDING ON A BARE, EXPOSED PLATEAU. THE JEEPS WERE DRIVEN ON...

HICKS, TAYLOR,
SNAP IT UP IF WE
AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!



THE SMALL POSSOC OF JEEPS SET OFF FOR THE BRIDGE AT CASTELLIANO. THOUGH SMALL, IT WAS A VITAL LINK IN THE ROAD NORTH, A LINK THE ADVANCING EIGHTH ARMY DESPERATELY NEEDED.

ALL RIGHT,
MEN, JUST FOLLOW
ME. WE'RE MAKING
FOR HIGH
GROUND ABOVE
CASTELLIANO.

JUST
FOLLOW HIM,
INTO ANOTHER
TRAP! ONLY THIS
TIME, MAYBE
I'LL SPRING
IT...



SERGEANT LOGAN LEFT THE THOUGHT UNFINISHED. HE BECAME INCREASINGLY UNEASY AT THE WAY HIS MIND WAS WORKING.

IT'D BE DEAD EASY... NO RISK AT ALL...



CORPORAL SANDFORD WAS DRIVING LOGAN'S JEEP. HE TURNED TO THE SERGEANT AS IF READING HIS MIND... LOGAN STARTED GUILTY.

YOU DON'T SEEM TO LIKE CAPTAIN CHALMERS, SARGE. ANY SPECIAL REASON?

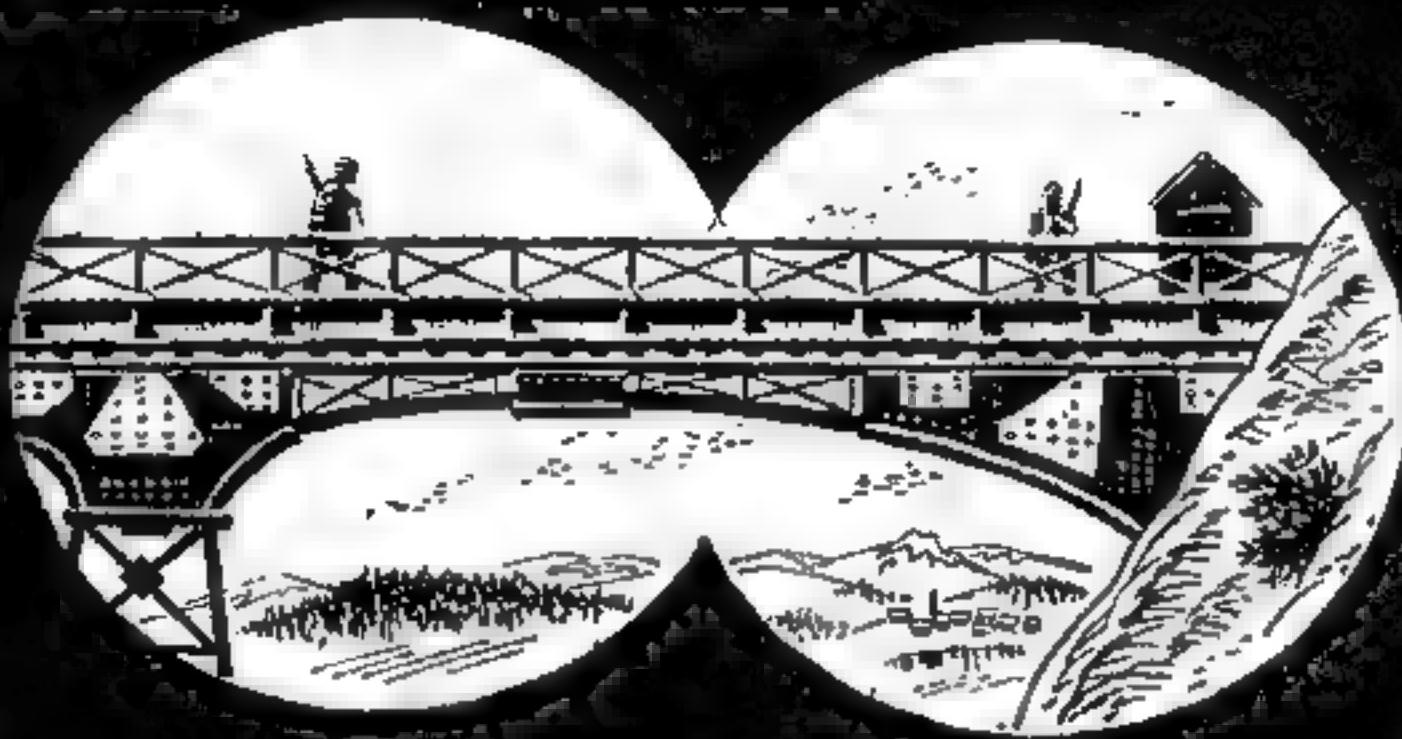


SUDDENLY, CHALMERS RAISED HIS ARM AND THE JEEPS BRAKED HARD. BELOW LAY THE BRIDGE OF CASTELLIANO.

GET THE JEEPS OUT OF SIGHT. WE'LL CARRY THE VICKERS DOWN THE SLOPE. SERGEANT, SEE TO THE AMMO!



THE CAPTAIN STUDIED THE SINGLE STEEL SPAN THROUGH HIS FIELD-GLASSES. HAD THE GERMANS ALREADY LAID DEMOLITION CHARGES?



I DON'T THINK THEY'VE LAID CHARGES YET, SERGEANT. THERE'S STILL A LOT OF TRANSPORT GOING THROUGH - BUT WE AREN'T CONCERNED WITH THAT, ONLY WITH KEEPING THE BRIDGE INTACT TILL THE EIGHTH ARMY MOVES UP.



SILENTLY, USING EVERY SCRAP OF COVER, SERGEANT LOGAN WORKED HIS WAY DOWN THE ROCKY, VINE-COVERED HILLSIDE... HE FELT A STRANGE EXCITEMENT THAT DID NOT STEM FROM ANY ANTICIPATION OF ENEMY ACTION

YOU NEED TO BE A PERISHING MOUNTAIN GOAT FOR THIS LARK!



CAPTAIN CHALMERS SELECTED HIS POSITION WITH CARE. IT WAS A GOOD POSITION, LOGAN THOUGHT WRYLY, COMMANDING THE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE THE MAN WAS LEARNING...

WE'LL SET UP THE MACHINE-GUNS HERE, SERGEANT I DON'T WANT ANY NOISE. NO ONE IS TO SHOW HIMSELF... AND THERE WILL BE NO SMOKING!



ALL THAT DAY THE S.A.S. PATROL REMAINED UNDER COVER, LISTENING TO THE GUNS OF THE ADVANCING EIGHTH ARMY, AND WATCHING GERMAN TRANSPORT RETREAT OVER THE BRIDGE AT CASTELLIANO.

LOOKS LIKE A FULL RETREAT, SIR.
JERRY'S REALLY PULLING BACK THIS TIME

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, CORPORAL - THE QUESTION IS, HOW LONG TILL OUR LOT GET HERE?



THROUGH THE LONG HOURS OF DARKNESS, THE GERMANS CONTINUED TO PULL BACK... WHILE A SLEEPLESS SERGEANT BROODED ON A DESERT AMBUSH THAT EVEN NOW WAS VIVID BEFORE HIS EYES.

MY GUESS IS THAT JERRY WILL WANT TO SET HIS CHARGES TODAY - AND WE'RE GOING TO STOP HIM!

HERE IT COMES, WEBBY... I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN...



THE CAPTAIN WAS PROVED RIGHT. IN THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT, A DEMOLITION SQUAD MARCHED ON TO THE BRIDGE.

RIGHT... NOW! TAKE AIM FIRE!



LICENCE TO KILL

VICKERS AND THOMPSON MACHINE-GUNS ERUPTED IN SUDDEN FURY, RAKING THE BRIDGE FROM END TO END. THE GERMAN SQUAD WAS CUT DOWN BY THE VICIOUS HAIL OF LEAD.



A BRIEF LULL FOLLOWED THE FIRST SAVAGE BURST OF FIRING. NOBODY MOVED ON THE BRIDGE, BUT NOW, THE SMALL S.A.S. FORCE HAD LOST THE IMPORTANT ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE.

RECKON WE WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, SIR!



THE GERMAN GARRISON COMMANDER IN CASTELLIANO REACTED SWIFTLY. HIS ORDERS WERE TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE... BUT FIRST HE HAD TO FLUSH OUT THE BRITISH SNIPERS ENTRENCHED ABOVE IT.

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! DON'T SHOOT UNLESS THEY RUSH US, OR TRY TO BLOW THE BRIDGE!



THE GERMANS WORKED ROUND THE BRITISH FLANK, THE ONLY WARNING CAPTAIN CHALMERS HAD WAS THE EERIE WAIL OF MORTAR BOMBS.



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET IT, CHUM!

THE SERGEANT MOVED SLOWLY, MORE SLOWLY THAN CAUTION JUSTIFIED. HIS MIND WAS WORKING STRANGELY. HE WAS AFRAID TO BRING HIS THOUGHTS INTO SHARP FOCUS.



JERRY'S ALMOST GOT THE RANGE. MAYBE NEXT TIME.

Licence to Kill

TENSELY, HE WATCHED THE GERMAN MORTAR CREW MAKE A FRACTIONAL CHANGE OF ELEVATION, BUT STILL HE HELD HIS FIRE, MUTTERING UNDER HIS BREATH.



OGAN'S UNCOMPLETED THOUGHT WAS FROZEN IN A
HIMSELF MOMENT OF HORROR AS THE MORTAR FIRED
AGAIN. HE KEPT HIS HEAD DOWN AS THE BOMB
WHISTLED OVER HIM...



WITH A SHOCK, SERGEANT LOGAN REALISED THAT HE HAD PLANNED MURDER. A COLD SWEAT BROKE OUT ON HIS FACE

IT'S NO MORE THAN HE DESERVES, WEBBY, THE ACCOUNTS SQUARED!



SHAKING FROM REACTION, HE RAISED HIS TOMMY-GUN AND BLASTED THE MORTAR CREW WITH DEADLY ACCURACY

THAT'S CLOBBERED YOU LOT!



THE MORTAR SILENCED, SERGEANT LOGAN WRIGGLED BACK ALONG THE NARROW LEDGE OF ROCK AT THE SIGHT OF CAPTAIN CHALMERS, HIS MOMENTARY FEELING OF GUILT WAS SUBMERGED BY A WAVE OF SAVAGE TRUMPH.

HE'S OUT COLD CONCUSSION, I THINK, SARGE. THAT LEAVES YOU IN COMMAND

YEAH, CORPORAL, I RECKON IT DOES!



CHALMERS ROUSED HIMSELF IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SPEAK. HIS WORDS DRAGGED OUT, SLOWLY, THICKLY.

SERGEANT... HOLD THE BRIDGE INTACT...

OF COURSE, SIR!

SERGEANT LOGAN FELT THE THRILL OF COMMAND... HE MIGHT YET GET HIS COMMISSION. BUT ABRUPTLY, HIS DREAM WAS SHATTERED BY A YELL FROM PRIVATE HICKS.

THEY'RE RUSHING US, SARGE!

THE SERGEANT SHOUTED HIS ORDERS. MACHINE-GUNS SWUNG TO COVER THE ENEMY TROOPS CRAWLING UP THE HILLSIDE. AS THE GUNS HAMMERED MURDEROUSLY, LINES OF RED TRACER LANCED DOWN...



THE MEN OF THE SPECIAL AIR SERVICE, ENTRENCHED BEHIND A ROCK BARRICADE, POURED A LETHAL TORRENT OF LEAD INTO THE GERMAN RANKS, EFFECTIVELY CHECKING THEIR ADVANCE.



THE GERMANS HESITATED — THEN BROKE AND RAN, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND.



IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, LOGAN HAD FORGOTTEN CAPTAIN CHALMERS. NOW HE DID NOT LIKE TO BE REMINDED



AS THE LONG HOURS DRAGGED BY, THE MEN GREW UNEASY. SOON THE AMMUNITION WOULD BE GONE... A WITHDRAWAL SEEMED THE ONLY SOLUTION...



IN THE LA : AFTERNOON, CORPORAL SANDFORD DREW THE SERGEANT'S ATTENTION TO MOVEMENT BEYOND THE VILLAGE. HIS VOICE TREMBLED SLIGHTLY...



FOR ONE HORRIFIED MOMENT, THE SERGEANT IMAGINED THE TANKS WERE COMING... TO BLAST THEIR POSITION. THEN HE DISMISSED THE IDEA. THE GERMANS WERE SWINGING A HEAVY PANZER DIVISION FROM THE WEST TO STRIKE A SURPRISE BLOW AT THE ADVANCING EIGHTH ARMY.



LOGAN HESITATED. THIS WAS HIS FIRST TASTE OF RESPONSIBILITY... ORDERS WERE TO HOLD THE BRIDGE, BUT THE ONLY WAY OF STOPPING THE TANKS WAS TO DESTROY IT...



THE MEN WAITED ON HIS WORD OF COMMAND. IF HE COULD CONTACT EIGHTH ARMY BY RADIO. BUT PRIVATE HICKS SEEMED TO READ HIS THOUGHTS.

YOU CAN FORGET
THE TRANSMITTER,
SARGE IT'S A WRITE-
OFF - DIRECT HIT
FROM THAT MORTAR!

ALL RIGHT,
THEN...



HE MADE A SNAP DECISION. THEY WOULD HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY - AND SANDFORD DID NOT LIKE THAT. THE LONG-FACED CORPORAL PROTESTED FORCIBLY

CORPORAL, TAKE FIVE MEN AND BLOW THE BRIDGE! WE'LL COVER YOU -



BUT THE CAPTAIN SAID WE WERE TO HOLD IT INTACT!

LOGAN SWORE BITTERLY. CORPORAL NEBB WOULD NEVER HAVE CHALLENGED HIS AUTHORITY. HE SCOWLED AND SNARLED SAVAGELY AT SANDFORD.



THE CORPORAL PICKED HIS MEN, SCRAMBLED OVER THE LOW ROCK PARAPET AND DOWN THE SLOPE. LOGAN WATCHED TENSELY AS THE GERMAN ARMOUR ROLLED THROUGH THE VILLAGE



AS SANDFORD AND HIS MEN REACHED THE ROAD THE SHARP CRACK OF GERMAN MAUSER'S ECHOED ON THE HILLSIDE. THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM LOGAN'S FACE AS HE REALISED HIS PATROL HAD WALKED INTO AN AMBUSH HE KNEW HE HAD MADE A MISTAKE - NOW HE COULD NOT STOP THE TANKS CROSSING...



BUT THE GERMAN SNIPERS WERE WELL HIDDEN AND THEIR AIM WAS DEADLY. ONLY ONE MAN RETURNED FROM THAT TRAGIC SORTIE.

HERE, GIVE US YOUR ARM, CORP.

THANKS! THAT WAS A HELL OF A SET-UP!



LOGAN AVOIDED THE ACCUSING EYES OF CORPORAL SANDFORD. THERE WAS A SOUR TASTE IN HIS MOUTH AS HE WATCHED THE PANZER COLUMN RUMBLE ACROSS THE BRIDGE BELOW.



BEHIND HIM, LOGAN HEARD THE QUIET VOICE OF CORPORAL SANDFORD GIVING ORDERS TO PICK UP CAPTAIN CHALMERS. FURIOUS, THE SERGEANT WHIRLED ROUND...

HICKS, TAYLOR -
GIVE ME A HAND
WITH THE CAPTAIN

LEAVE HIM, CORPORAL!
WE'VE NO TIME TO
WASTE NOW.
LEAVE HIM!



THE CORPORAL, SHOCKED,
TOOK A STEP TOWARDS
LOGAN. HIS WORDS
JERKED OUT .

WHAT IS THIS?
YOU'VE ORDERED FIVE
MEN TO THEIR DEATHS. NOW
YOU WANT US TO LEAVE
CAPTAIN CHALMERS. HE'S
DEFENCELESS. IT WOULD BE
MURDER TO ABANDON HIM.
JUST PLAIN MURDER!
THREE STRIPES ON YOUR
ARM DON'T GIVE YOU
LICENCE TO KILL OR LET
LIVE, SERGEANT.



Chapter 3. *MOMENT of TRUTH*

SERGEANT LOGAN FELT HIS COMMAND CRUMBLING AWAY UNDER THE FIERY CORPORAL'S DIRECT CHALLENGE.

I'M GIVING THE ORDERS, CORPORAL! WE CAN'T TAKE CHALMERS UP THE HILL UNDER THE MUZZLES OF PANZER GUNS.

AND I'M NOT LEAVING HIM BEHIND!



GRIMLY, HE REALISED HE WAS OUTNUMBERED - THE MEN WERE BEHIND CORPORAL SANDFORD. RELUCTANTLY, LOGAN REVERSED HIS DECISION.

THE CORP'S RIGHT, SARGE. WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM... IT'D BE MURDER!

OH, ALL RIGHT THEN...



LOGAN KNEW HE SHOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN WAY AND WONDERED WHY HE HAD WEAKENED... HE GAVE HIS ORDERS QUIETLY.

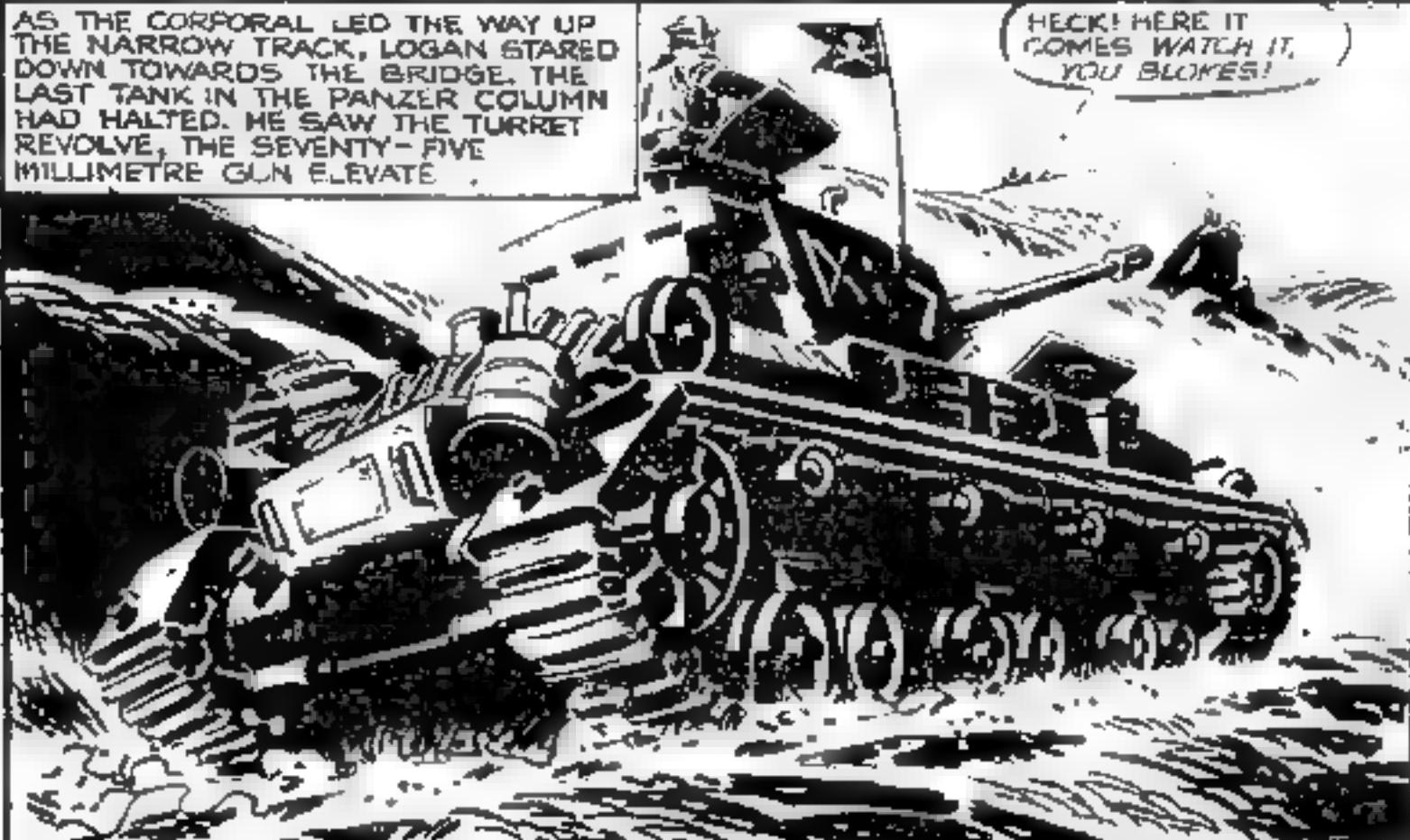
CORPORAL, YOU'LL LEAD. HICKS, TAYLOR, CARRY THE CAPTAIN. I'LL COVER YOU...

RIGHT! COME ON, YOU MEN!



AS THE CORPORAL LED THE WAY UP THE NARROW TRACK, LOGAN STARED DOWN TOWARDS THE BRIDGE. THE LAST TANK IN THE PANZER COLUMN HAD HALTED. HE SAW THE TURRET REVOLVE, THE SEVENTY-FIVE MILLIMETRE GUN ELEVATE.

HECK! HERE IT COMES WATCH IT, YOU BLOKES!



THE SERGEANT SNAPPED THE PIN FROM A MILLS GRENADE AND HURLED THE BOMB WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.



LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THAT, YOU PERISHING BUGGERS!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE MARK IV OPENED UP WITH ITS BIG GUN. THE SCREAM OF THE SHELL WAS FOLLOWED BY A BLAST THAT THREW LOGAN AND THE MEN NEAR HIM TO THE GROUND, DAZED AND MUTTERING.



AAAGH!

HE SHOOK HIS HEAD TO CLEAR IT AND SCRAMBLED UP THE SLOPE. TWO MORE MEN KILLED... HE HAD TO HOLD THE REST OF THE PATROL TOGETHER.



THE GUNNER IN THE MARK IV COULD NOT KNOW THE JEEPS WERE JUST OVER THE HILL. HE SCORED A LUCKY HIT.

HURRY UP - THERE'S ONLY ONE JEEP LEFT!

THAT'LL DO FOR WHAT'S LEFT OF US...



THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE SAS PATROL STUMBED TOWARDS THE REMAINING JEEP AS ANOTHER SHELL BURST CLOSE BEHIND THEM



WITH THE FIVE MEN ABOARD, THE JEEP JOLTED VIOLENTLY DOWN THE UNEVEN, STONY TRACK. SERGEANT LOGAN SWEATED AS HE THOUGHT OF THE HEAVY PANZER COLUMN, SOMEWHERE AHEAD.



BUT THE ROUGH JOLTING OF THE JEEP ONLY BROUGHT CAPTAIN CHALMERS BACK TO PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS. HE BLINKED VAGUELY AT THE BLUR OF MOVEMENT AROUND HIM.

WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THE CAPTAIN STRUGGLED INTO A SITTING POSITION AND STARED AT THE BARE ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE WHIPPING PAST. SOMETHING NAGGED AT THE BACK OF HIS MIND...

THE BRIDGE.. SERGEANT,
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE
BRIDGE?



SERGEANT LOGAN FELT A SENSE OF RELIEF. RESPONSIBILITY WEIGHED HEAVILY ON HIM - HE WAS ALMOST GLAD THAT CHALMERS HAD RECOVERED.

PANZERS
BUT IS THE BRIDGE
STILL STANDING?

HERE YOU ARE,
SIR!

IT WAS WHEN
WE LEFT.
TAYLOR, GIVE THE
CAPTAIN
ANOTHER DRINK



HE DRINK OF WATER SEEMED TO PUT NEW LIFE INTO CAPTAIN CHALMERS. HIS BRAIN CLEARED.



NOW, SERGEANT, HAVE I GOT THE POSITION CLEAR? THE BRIDGE IS STILL STANDING, BUT WE'VE FULLLED OUT? IS THAT IT?

LOGAN WOULDN'T UNLOAD IF HE HAD MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE WHEN HE ANSWERED, IT WAS WITH RELUCTANCE.



THAT'S IT, SIR - EXCEPT WE ARE ABOUT BLOWN OUT OF OUR POSITION.
I'M NOT BLAMING YOU, SERGEANT. YOU DID WHAT YOU THOUGHT BEST... ONLY WE'RE GOING BACK! STOP THEM!

CAPTAIN CHALMERS WAS AGAIN IN COMMAND. THERE WAS A FRENZIE IN HIS VOICE THAT OVERRULED THE SERGEANT'S PROTESTS.

WE COULDN'T DO A LOT, SIR, IF WE WENT BACK. THERE'S ONLY THE FIVE OF US LEFT...



NEVERTHELESS, WE'RE GOING BACK! HOLDING THAT BRIDGE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE PANZERS - IF CAN LEAVE THE ARMY TO DEAL WITH THOSE. EXCEPT MAYBE WE CAN MAKE ONE OF ONE.

CORPORAL SANDFORD TOOK THE JEEP UP THE ROCK-STREWN HILL. FROM THE CREST, THEY PEERED DOWN ON THE WINDING ROAD BELOW... AND A LONELY MARK IV HEADING SOUTH.

I DON'T THINK WE CAN ALLOW THAT... SERGEANT, I WANT THAT TANK! THERE'S A CROSS-ROADS AHEAD -

THAT MUST BE THE ONE WHO STOPPED TO BLAST US - HE'S HURRYING TO REJOIN THE COLUMN.



QUICKLY, IN A FEW TERSE WORDS, CAPTAIN CHALMERS EXPLAINED WHAT HE HAD IN MIND. THE JEEP TORE DOWN TO THE CROSS-ROADS, A MILE IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN TANK.

JERRY WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THIS. AS SOON AS THEY STOP AND THE TURRET OPENS GET IN FAST!



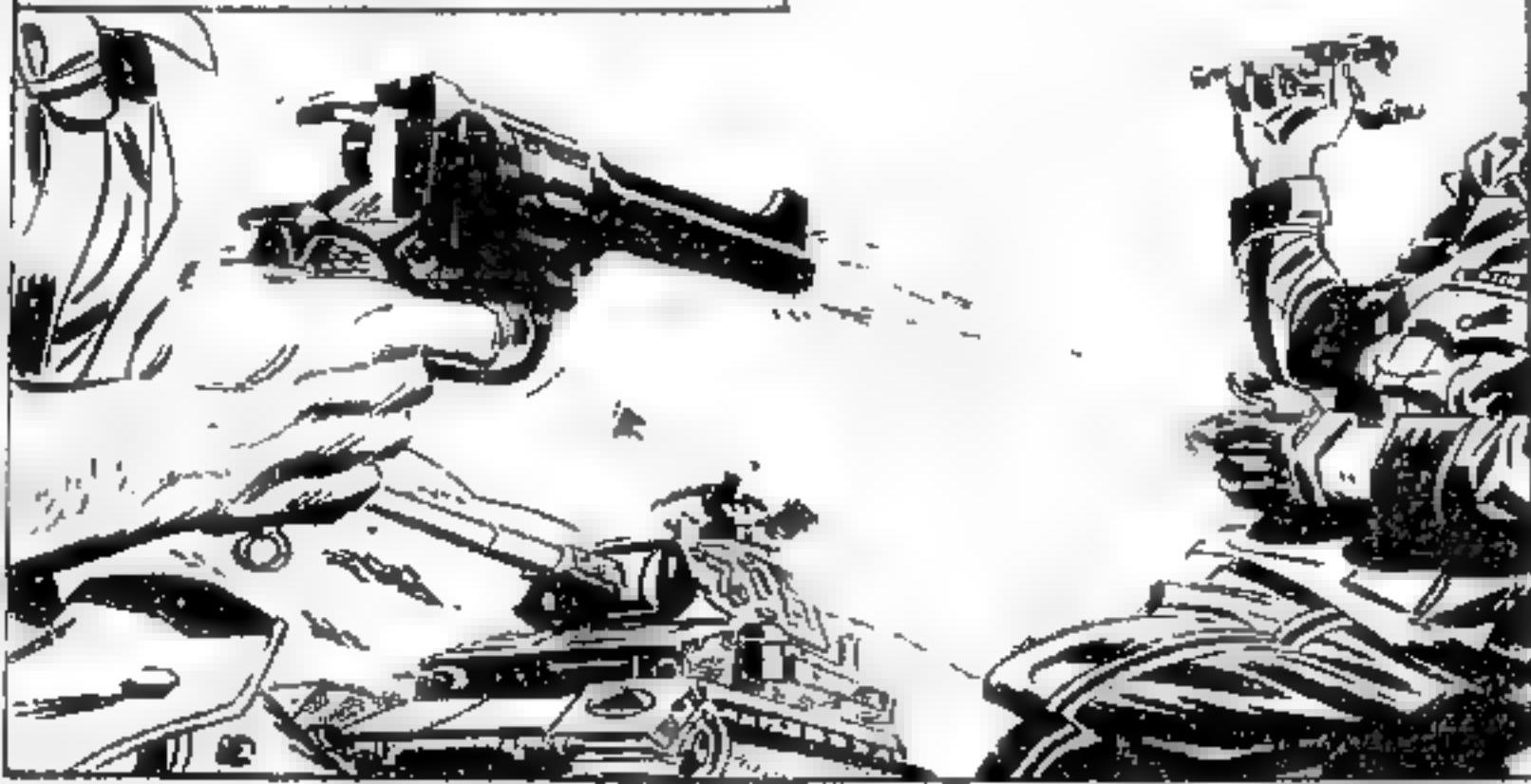
CROUCHED DOWN, TENSED, SERGEANT LOGAN HEARD THE RUMBLE OF TANK TRACKS. HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE THOMPSON, ALL HIS AWARENESS CONCENTRATED ON THE COMING ACTION.



THE GERMAN TANK COMMANDER SPOTTED THE WRECKED JEEP AS HE ROUNDED A BEND IN THE ROAD. HE SLOWED DOWN. IT LOOKED HARMLESS ENOUGH.. BUT INGRAINED SUSPICION MADE HIM CAUTIOUS.



AS THE GERMAN OFFICER ADVANCED SLOWLY TOWARDS THE JEEP, CHALMERS SUDDENLY CAME ALIVE. A SERVICE REVOLVER BUDED IN HIS HAND AND AT THE SIGNAL, TOMMY-GUN FIRE LET DOWN THE MAN IN THE TURRET.



A SPANDAU CHATTERED VIOLENTLY BLASTING A STREAM OF LEAD AT THE JEEP. LOGAN AND SANDFORD CLIMBED ON TO THE MARK IV AND D RECTED THEIR FIRE DOWN INSIDE THE TURRET.

GET THE GUNNER, QUICK!



ABRUPTLY, THE SPANDAU STOPPED.

YOU ALL RIGHT,
SIR?

RIGHT AS RAIN,
SERGEANT - JERRY'S A
POOR SHOT; NOW GET
THAT TANK TURNED
ROUND AND HEADED
BACK FOR THE
BRIDGE!



SERGEANT LOGAN DID NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND HIS CONCERN FOR THE CAPTAIN. MAYBE HE HAD BEEN WRONG ABOUT THE OFFICER ALL ALONG... CERTAINLY HE HAD HANDLED THE AMBUSH WELL.

I CAN DRIVE ONE OF
THESE THINGS, SIR.

GOOD! NICKS,
YOU'RE THE GUNNER.
TAYLOR, LOAD FOR HIM.
SERGEANT, CLOSE THE
TURRET AND DIRECT
US ON THE PERISCOPE.



AS THE TANK RUMBLED BACK TOWARDS CASTELLIANO, THE SERGEANT FELT RELIEVED... GLAD HE NO LONGER HAD THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DECISION. IT WAS SO MUCH SIMPLER TO OBEY ORDERS...

DRIVER, FULL SPEED AHEAD!



LOGAN STOPPED DREAMING AS THE BRIDGE CAME IN SIGHT. HE SWUNG THE PERISCOPE ON TO IT.. THE SINGLE STEEL SPAN STILL GLEAMED ABOVE A SWIFT - FLOWING RIVER.

THE BRIDGE HASN'T BEEN BLOWN YET, SIR!

RIGHT! THOUGH I DON'T DOUBT JERRY'S TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO SET HIS CHARGES IN OUR ABSENCE. YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO DEAL WITH THOSE, SERGEANT!



BUT THEIR ARRIVAL WAS NOT UNNOTICED. THE RADIO CRACKLED TO LIFE. AND CAPTAIN CHALMERS, PLAYING FOR TIME, ANSWERED IN A GUTTURAL GERMAN ACCENT.

LEUTNANT SCHENK.
WHY ARE YOU
RETURNING, PLEASE?

LEUTNANT SCHENK
IS DEAD AND
THE GUN BREECH
IS JAMMED...

THE CAPTAIN TOOK THE TANK ON TO THE BRIDGE AND STOPPED IT HALF-WAY ACROSS. LOGAN BEGAN TO CLAMBER OUT.

JERRIES AT
THE FAR END...
I'M GOING
AFTER THE
CHARGES...
NOW.

AS THE SERGEANT DROPPED FROM THE TURRET AND RAN FOR THE BRIDGE HAND-RAIL, TWO GERMAN SENTRIES CHARGED HIM, BAYONETS FIXED.



GRIMLY, WITH SAVAGE SATISFACTION, LOGAN DODGED THE LUNGING BAYONET AND PILE-DROVE HIS FIST INTO THE FIRST GERMAN'S STOMACH...



Licence to Kill

CORPORAL SANDFORD BOBBED UP IN THE TANK TURRET. HE DROPPED THE SECOND SENTRY WITH A BURST FROM HIS TOMMY-GUN.

STEP ON IT, SARGE...
I DON'T LIKE THE FEELING
OF BEING PERCHED
OVER A LOAD OF
HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



FROM THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE, A SPANDAU OPENED UP. BULLETS SLAMMED PAST LOGAN'S HEAD AS HE CLIMBED DOWN... THEN HE HEARD THE TANK'S SEVENTY-FIVE ERUPT VIOLENTLY.



LOGAN SWEATED AS HE HUNG IN SPACE, GROPING FOR THE FIRING CABLE. FAR BELOW, THE DARK SWIRLING WATERS OF THE RIVER RACED PAST. THE SECONDS TICKED BY... ANY MOMENT THE BRIDGE MIGHT GO UP.

FINGERS LIKE THUMBS... WHERE'S THAT DARNED CABLE? HURRY... HURRY...



DONE IT... I'VE DONE IT!

HE EXPERIENCED A LONG MOMENT OF EXHILARATION AS HE SLASHED THROUGH THE CABLE, AND KNEW THE BRIDGE WAS SAFE...

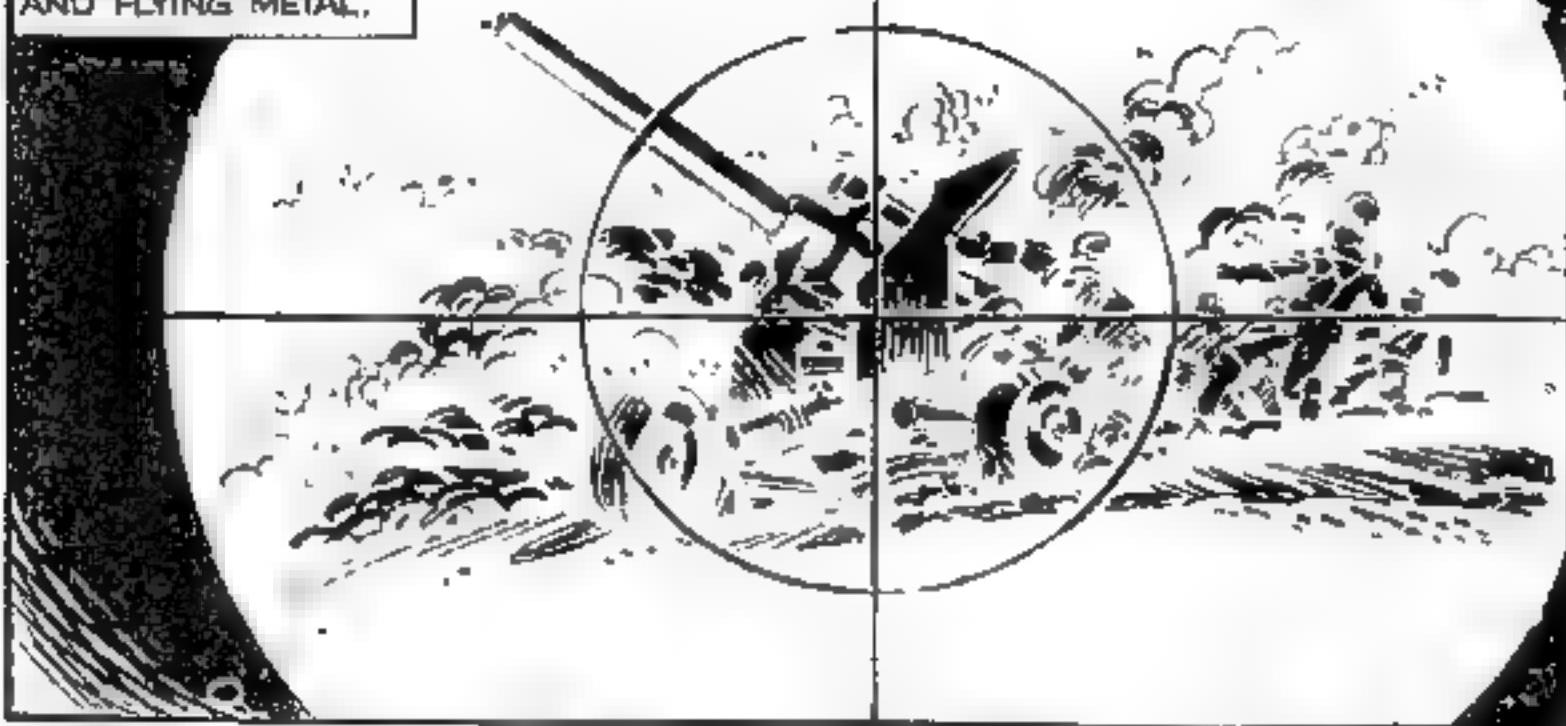


BUT AS LOGAN CLAMBERED BACK OVER THE RAIL,
CORPORAL SANDFORD SHOUTED A WARNING FROM
THE TURRET OF THE TANK.

JERRY'S
BROUGHT UP AN
ANTI-TANK GUN!
IT'S LINED
UP ON US-

WELL, KNOCK IT
OUT THEN!

PRIVATE HICKS
CENTRED THE CROSS-
WIRE OF HIS
TELESCOPIC SIGHT,
AND FIRED ONE
ROUND... THE
FORMIDABLE GERMAN
EIGHTY-EIGHT
ERUPTED IN FLAME
AND FLYING METAL.



SERGEANT
LOGAN
CLIMBED INTO
THE TURRET
AND WENT
FORWARD TO
JOIN CAPTAIN
CHALMERS

GOOD WORK
SERGEANT!

WELL, SIR. WHAT'S OUR
NEXT MOVE?



CHALMERS SENSED THE
RESENTMENT IN THE
SERGEANT'S VOICE, BUT
HE IGNORED IT.

OUR NEXT MOVE,
SERGEANT, IS
SIMPLE. WE STAY
HERE, AND HOLD
THIS BRIDGE UNTIL
THE EIGHTH
ARRIVES!

BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE AS
SIMPLE AS THAT...

JERRY'S FORMING
UP. SIRI LOOKS AS
THOUGH HE'S NOT
GIVING IN SO EASY!



INSTANTLY, CAPTAIN CHALMERS GAVE HIS ORDERS..

RIGHT, LADS! HICKS, TAYLOR, GET THAT GUN GOING. SANDFORD, YOU LAY INTO THEM FROM THE HATCH. SERGEANT, YOU HANDLE THE SPANDAU!



THE BRIDGE AT CASTELLIANO WAS A VITAL LINK IN THE EIGHTH ARMY'S ADVANCE THROUGH ITALY. IT HAD TO BE HELD AT ALL COSTS.



EACH TIME THE GERMAN INFANTRY TRIED TO RUSH THE TANK, THEY WERE MET BY A VIOLENT HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE AND SHELLS FROM THE TANK'S 75 MM GUN...

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO CHALMERS. HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE GOT HOLD OF THIS JERRY TANK.



FOR SIX HOURS THE SMALL STRIKING FORCE OF THE SPECIAL AIR SERVICE HELD THE BRIDGE. SIX HOURS OF DIN AND DESTRUCTION AND UNRELENTING BATTLE.

JERRY'S PACKING IT IN, SIR! THE EIGHTH'S ARRIVED!



Licence to Kill

TO SERGEANT LOGAN, THE ARRIVAL OF THE EIGHTH ARMY MEANT MORE THAN JUST THE END OF A LONG STRUGGLE WITH THE ENEMY.

I WANT TO APOLOGISE, SIR! THE TRUTH IS, I'VE BEEN A FOOL. I KNOW NOW THAT I'D BE NO GOOD AS AN OFFICER...

YOU'RE A GOOD SERGEANT, LOGAN, ONE OF THE BEST N.C.O.S WE'VE GOT. THAT'S WHY YOUR APPLICATION WAS TURNED DOWN! WE CAN'T SPARE MEN LIKE YOU... SO LET'S FORGET IT, SHALL WE!

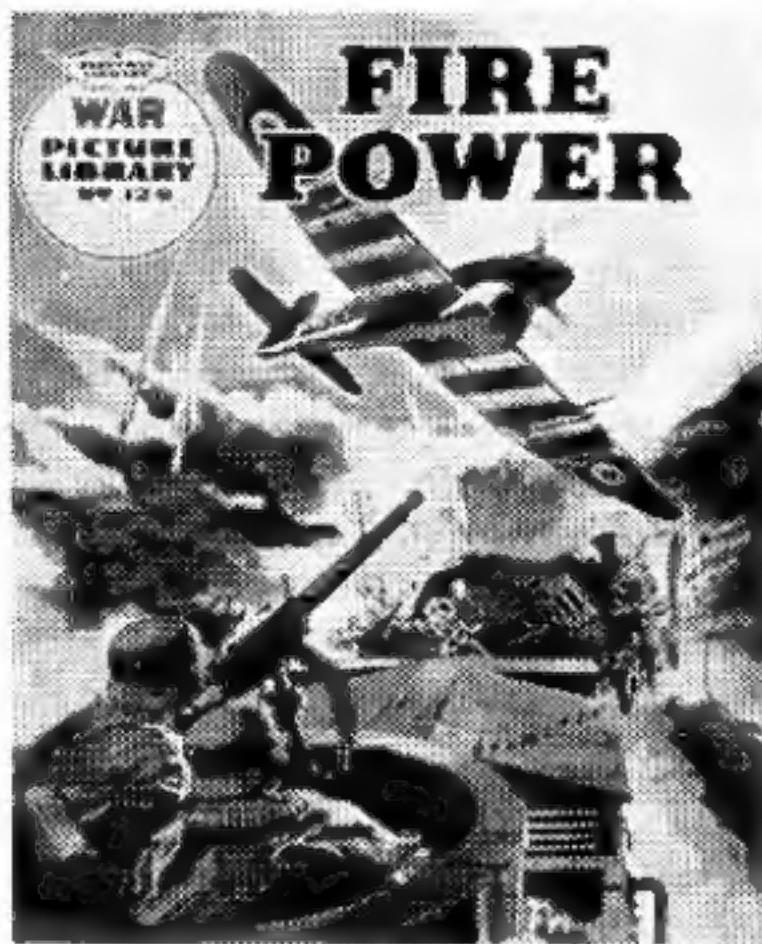


ALSO ON SALE NOW

FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 129.—FIRE POWER



A nightmare of flak greeted the Rocket Typhoons on one of the most audacious attacks of the war.

No. 131—LINE OF FIRE



Every battle decision is a gamble with the lives of men—but courage can weigh the scales towards victory.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 130.—DEBT OF HONOUR

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling WAR PICTURE LIBRARY issues, on sale February 5th, are :—

No. 132.—RAPID FIRE

No. 134.—TOO TOUGH TO HANDLE

No. 133.—THE BIG ARENA

No. 135.—THE ROOTS OF EVIL

★ SUPER SPACE THRILLS . . .

★ BREATHTAKING ACTION . . .

IN

THRILLER PICTURE LIBRARY

THRILLER PICTURE LIBRARY

NO. 391

TIME SLIP!

Jet Ace
Logan
Space Story

THRILLER PICTURE LIBRARY

NO. 392

BATTLER BRITTON

FOUR
TREMENDOUS ISSUES
NOW ON SALE!